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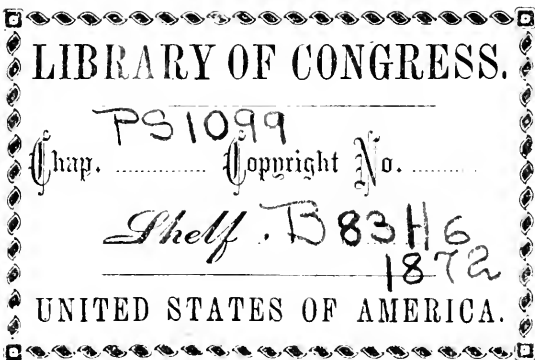
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HOURS WITH THE LONELY.

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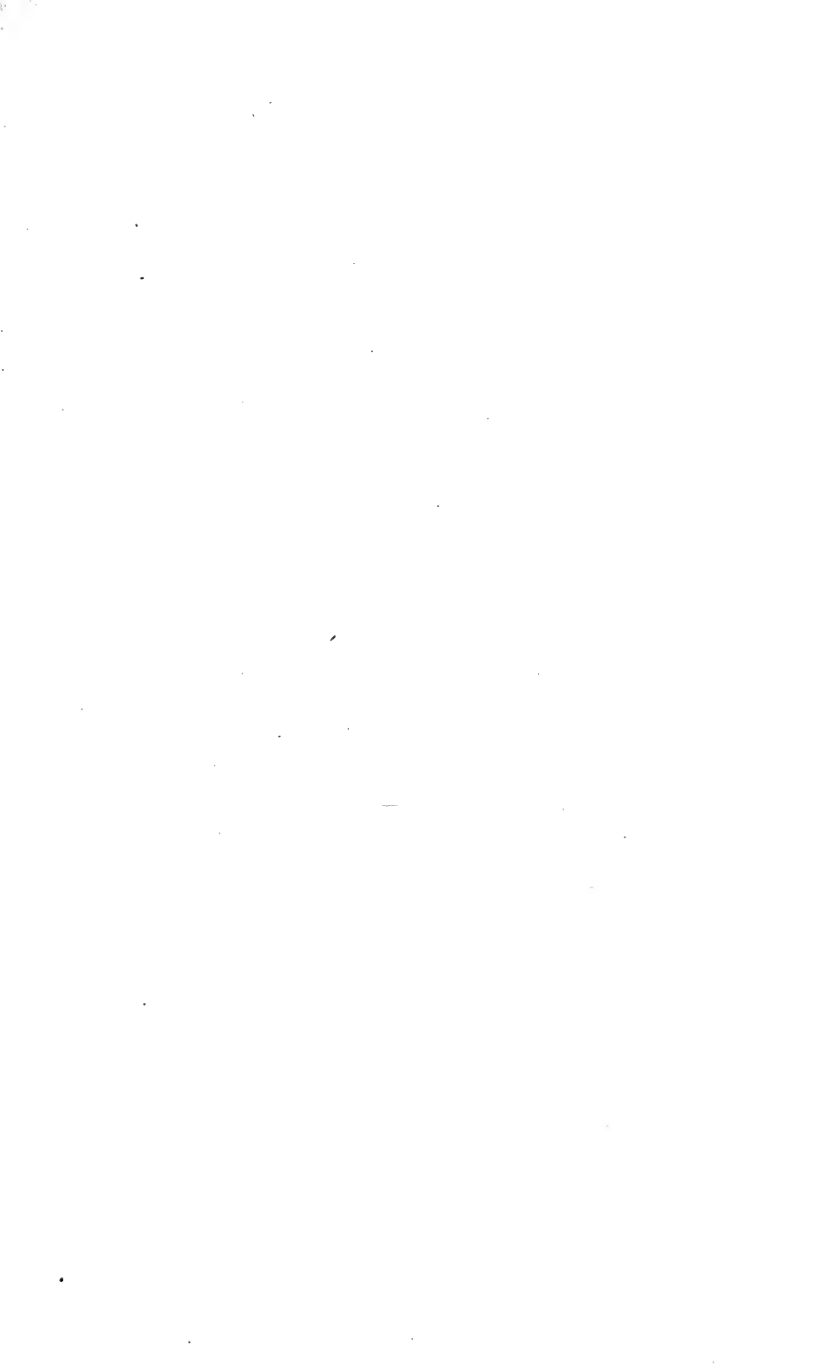
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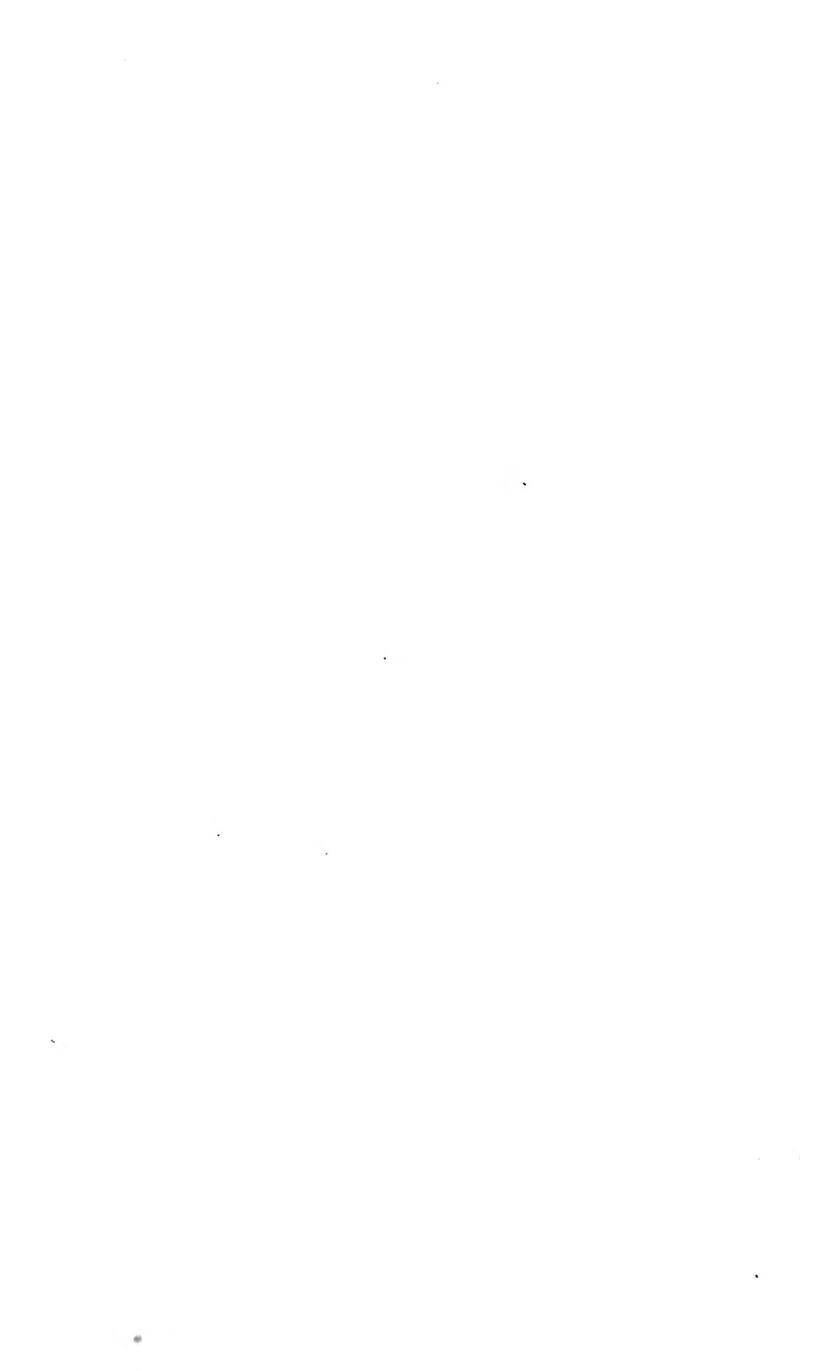
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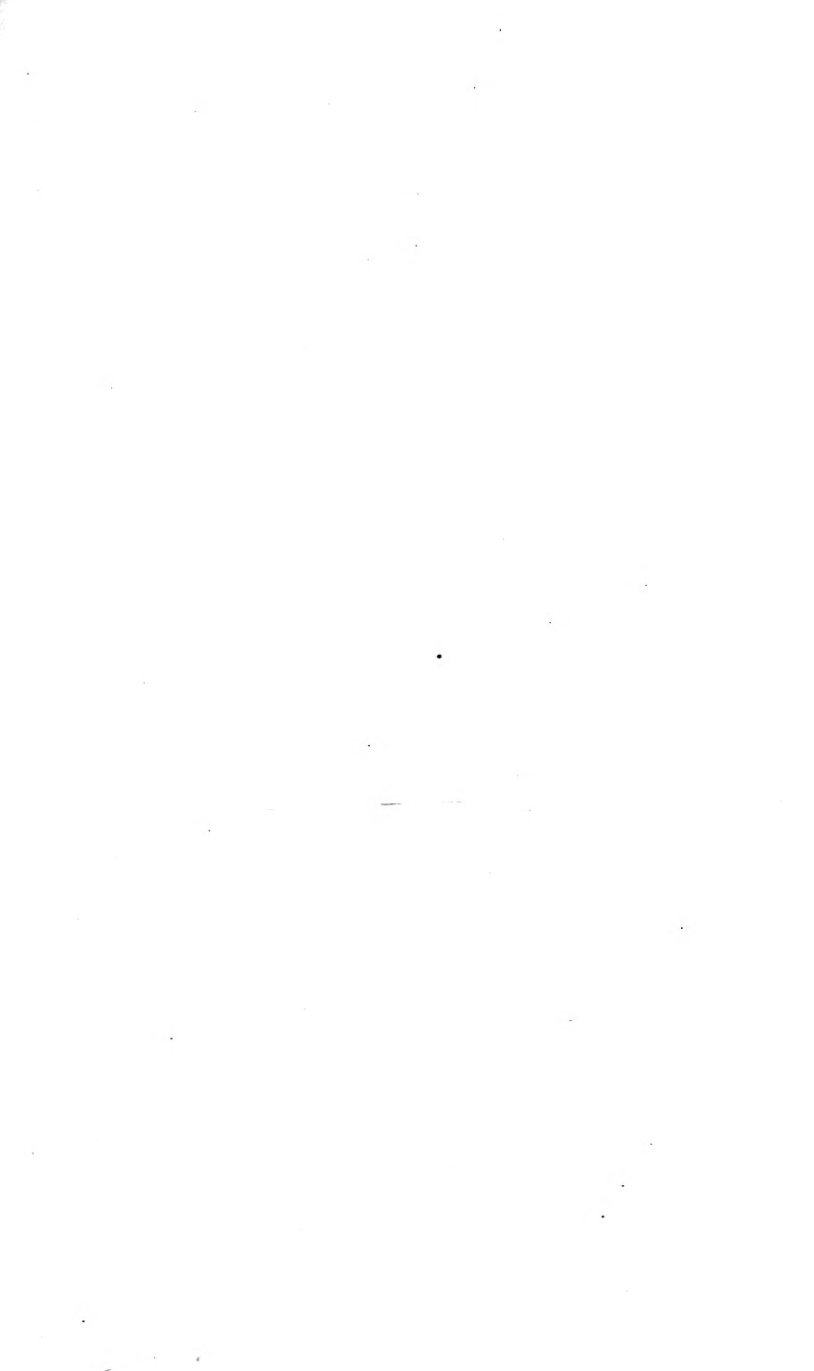
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1872

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









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HOURS WITH THE LONELY.

BY

MARIA J. BISHOP,

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS IN A SICK CHAMBER," "WORDS TO THE
MOURNER," "LETTERS TO A GOD-SON," "WOODLAND WALK."



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B. B. RUSSELL

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TO E. T. B.

DEAR EMMA,

TO YOU, THROUGH WHOSE SELF-SACRIFICING AFFECTION MANY
OF THESE LINES WERE WRITTEN,

Permit me to Devote this Trifling Effort,

AS A

SLIGHT EXPRESSION OF THE GRATITUDE WITH WHICH I AM

YOUR LOVING SISTER,

M. J. B.



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HOURS WITH THE LONELY.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I DREAMED a happy day had come,
When all on earth was fair :
Bright rose, in many a sparkling dome,
My castles in the air.
There heart, not form ; there worth, not wealth ;
There deeds, not words, do reign :
Others are loved instead of self,
And Courage smiles at pain.
Spare, stern Truth, my lofty towers,
Brilliant, light and fair :
Let me rear, a few brief hours,
Castles in the air.

There are Youth and Beauty, meekly
Lighting fair a home ;
There is Patience calmly, sweetly
Bearing Sorrow's doom ;

Envy comes not near my portals ;
Pride lays down its palm :
Each the lot of weary mortals
Strives to cheer and calm.

Honor tramples on ambition ;
Patriots live again,
Bound on high and holy mission,
Good, not gold, their aim.
Heroes, their bright helmets rearing,
Ne'er the pass will yield ;
Old Thermopylæ revering,
Dying under shield.

Love her plighted vow is breathing
In my halls of air ;
And through life, like ivy wreathing,
Makes Hope's ruins fair.
Smiling, though all else forsake him,
Never can he roam :
Earth may frown, but Love will make him
Still a happy home.

No: thou frownest, and they tremble, —
Bastion, keep, and tower :
Ah ! too little they resemble
Life for one brief hour.

Still I find a dreamy pleasure
On the golden air,
Building, from bright Fancy's treasure,
Castles in the air.
Truth, mid all Life's storm-clouds driven,
Still thy power I dare :
Virtue builds with rays of heaven
No castles in the air.

EVENING ON THE SEA.

How beautiful the day's decline
On meadow, moor and lee !
But softer is the silver shine
Of evening on the sea.

I love to watch the sunbeams fade
Upon the mountain's brow,
As sombre steals the deepening shade
Beneath the forest bough, —
As sunset's mellow murmurs swell,
Sweet comfort brings to me ;
But sweeter is the holy spell
Of evening on the sea.

While Pleasure lights her brilliant hall,
And calls the young and fair,
Where bounding footsteps festive fall,
I cannot linger there :
I'd rather seek a resting-place,
And sweet tranquillity,
Where beams fall from my Father's face
At evening, on the sea.

The world's rude mart of jostling care
The spirit often jars,
And nothing but Faith's fervent prayer
Can break its prison bars.
How sweet to steal from present pain,
To some far memory,
That gleams like sunset o'er the main,
Or evening o'er the sea.

Oft Morning flings her crimson fold,
A gleam that cannot last ;
And all its tints of deepening gold
At noon are overcast.
Thus life has been a stormy day,
A lowering cloud to me ;
But will a sunset glory play
At evening o'er its sea ?

THE ASCENSION.

For forty days the Church had met its glorious
risen Head ;

For forty days they gazed upon the “ First-born
from the dead ; ”

The upper chamber’s sacred walls that gathered
them to prayer,

Would seem to part, and oft reveal the form of
Jesus there.

Thomas had touched the piercèd hand, and,
bowing to the sod,

Adored, firm in unwavering faith, his Saviour
and his God ;

And Peter’s threefold fall had been with *thrice-*
told love forgiven,

While in commission high he bore the golden
key of heaven.

The fisher cast his nets away ; the shepherd left
his sheep,

On earth’s bleak hills, from every foe Messiah’s
flock to keep.

Humbled, they met the risen One, who in Geth-
semane

Was left alone, of every friend, to battle
misery.

And gentle is the loving look that rests on every
brow :

Not sharp reproaches from his lips, but bene-
dictions flow.

He met them in their weary way, he broke
with them the bread,

And from blood-stained Jerusalem their minds
to heaven he led.

He called them friends and brethren, baptizing
them in power

That tramples kingly diadems, in triumph, to
this hour.

Beneath the palm of Olivet, that loving, honored
band,

In adoration, kneel beneath a Saviour's out-
stretched hand.

The fervent John, the steadfast James, all, all
save *one* are there ;

Salome and grateful Mary, with the perfume in
her hair.

The palm-plumes scarcely quiver ; the very air
is still ;

Even Cedron's splash seems lower, as waiting on
his will.

The heaven's blue depths, in wonder, their
arches seem to bend,
While from the heavenly porches the angel
guards descend.
His work on earth is ended; his ministry is
o'er:
"Salvation" now shall echo to earth's remotest
shore.
Precept and promise Jesus spoke, as near the
seraphs drew,
Till, breathing benedictions, he vanished from
their view.
And now, when hearts are bending 'neath sor-
row, sin, or pain,
Faith comes, an angel monitor, to bid them rise
again.
In faith, in love, in holy hope, the Church shall
still ascend
To meet her risen Saviour, till time itself shall
end.
How deep soe'er the valley, where Baca's
streams may flow,
With splendor from that angel cloud the hea-
venly hills *still* glow.

THE TEMPLAR'S SERVICE.

CAN thy shoulders bear the cross ?
Wilt thou welcome pain and loss ?
Never turn thee from the foe ?
All of earthly joy forego ?

Can thy sandal lowly tread,
Following the Master's lead ?
Terrible in battle-field,
Still a son's obedience yield ?

When the well-fought day is o'er,
And the ruddy wine doth pour,
Wilt thou, at the trumpet's call,
Instant leave that banquet-hall ?

Wilt thou keep thy armor bright,
Burnished in the headlong fight ?
And where'er the crescents wave,
Plant the Cross, or find a grave ?

Wilt thou watch with loving eyes
Where the outcast beggar lies ;
And, when weak ones claim thy might,
Help the orphan to the right ?

Scorning hoarded gold to gain,
Save thy hilt and bridle rein,
Turning from the ingots' glow,
Wilt thou let thy captive go ?

Where the Temple banner flies
Proudly, there its soldier dies.
But wilt thou ne'er that banner yield, —
For it, dying under shield ? *

Canst thou, then, upon thy brow,
Take the last unnoticed blow ?
Templar ! while thy war-cry rings,
Thou art brother now of kings.

THE STORM.

ON the still waters lies the liquid light,
Reflected from the mirror of the sea,
In flashes so bewilderingly bright,
That the blue haze seems moving dreamily,
And, like the phantom of their false mirage,
Seems writing fables on its mystic page.

For many days, beneath the tropic sky,
The ship has hung upon the glittering deep ;
And the white sails, that fall so lazily,
Seem sea-birds' pinions, folded now in sleep ;
While not a creaking rope nor pennon thread
Quivers, to break the awful stillness dread.

The flying-fish in silver squadrons sweep,
Like flashing fire-flies, through the startled
night ;
Or measured bounding of the dolphin's leap,
Mirrors the moonbeam in an arch of light ;
Or, through the stagnant wave, the dorsal-fin
Of their pursuer flashes out and in.

Restless, the seamen lift their burning brows,
And, murmuring, mutter for the lagging
breeze ;
For fever's thirst, denied, more maddened
grows :
Each day, each hour, do untold miseries
Assault their hearts, and mingle in their cup ;
For death will come, unless the breeze spring
up.

But, see! the distance marks a line of light, —
A black cloud hurries to the zenith now :
And, curbing in its tightened rein of white,
The maddened tempest bursts upon their
brow ;
The tall masts blanch against the ghastly sky,
And, with their reefed-up canvas, bend and
fly.

Rushing and hissing 'round the shivering sides,
The ocean breaks in myriad pearls of foam ;
Through the tumultuous waves the good ship
glides,
As if she knew their warring walls her home ;
Rising and sinking, with a graceful shock,
Her streaming pennons seem their rage to
mock.

The crooked lightning leaps along the shroud,
Ploughs through the foam, — illumines the
abyss, —
While, crash on crash, the awful thunder loud
Mingles its bellow with the wild waves' hiss ;
And on, right on towards the coral-reef
She bears, while minute-guns call for relief.

Right up to heaven climbs the ambitious wave,
And up its deep-scarred forehead flies the
ship ;
Hangs for a moment o'er the yawning grave,
Then, headlong, plunges down the blackened
steep ;
Her straining planks her agony has told,
And five feet water settles in the hold.

How dark the heavens veil the watery war !
'Tis twilight, save that crinkling lightning's
beam ;
Another plunge — she strikes with grinding
jar —
Her timbers tremble — open every seam —
Her masts lean forward with a sudden shock,—
And, crashing down, the wreck is strewn upon
the rock.

HOPE.

SHALL I behold thy face in joy,
My glorious, risen Lord ?
Shall I arrive where thou art now,
Leaning upon thy word ?

What though through floods of deep distress,
And miry waves, I go ?
I see thy sandals' faint impress,
Like angel guides below.

When days are dark, and friends are few,
I raise my weary eye,
And see, like flashing drops of dew,
The palace domes on high :

See the white vesture of my Lord
Gleam in that holy home,
And hear his silver, whispered word, —
“ Blessed of my Father, come ! ”

And may I come, though furnace fires
Block up the way to thee !
Through Satan's ranks, through angel choirs,
I press, my Lord to see.

Close to his cross who died for us,
The suffering head is laid ;
Close to the cross, — how glorious
Thy love that cross hath made !

WAIT.

ONE of the hardest lessons, as well as the most trying experiences, is to wait, — to wait for ends which have been pursued by worthy and competent means, when the result has been merited by strenuous exertion, and is looked forward to as a just reward.

The schemes of youth, bright with the splendor of a glowing imagination, are planned with the most sanguine anticipations of success ; and its castles of air are reared too rapidly for the heart to ponder the word — wait. Yet years of patient waiting must often be borne ere the dear wish is granted, the coveted good won.

Nor is it alone over the visions of youth that the superscription is written, — Wait ; but too often does it interpose between the labor of life and the triumph of life. Little by little is the good seed sown, the victory won, on the moral battle-field ; but the harvest is truly

by and by, — the triumph is reserved for the morrow.

In the pleasures of life, also, the heart bounds forward to the desired good. Friendships, formed perhaps in youth, are perfected through years of trial ; and for the highest good which earth confers, — the tried and faithful friend, we long must wait.

The pleasures arising from a cultivated mind, an enlightened imagination, is a slow-perfected thing ; the honors conferred by learning are the reward of years of patient effort. Genius, in all its bright galaxy of varying talents, may be bestowed by its great Author ; yet the light with which it floods the world may be kindled, often is, in the loneliness of poverty, in the obscurity of patient, unregarded effort ; and the wreath which has waved greenest on the brows of the world's worthies has been watered by tears, through years of waiting.

And in the providences of life, which loom dark as a thunder-cloud across our path, darkening our future with their coming horror, the same lesson is reiterated, the same comfort is whispered. The storm may indeed come, and our comforts may be strewn by the rude blast

of misfortune ; but from their shattered fragments will divine benevolence rear a more beautiful fabric, and, in the midst of trouble, the sufferer often seems to hear a low voice, saying to him alone, — Wait !

And when life has swept wave on wave of prosperity around us, crowded blessings in our path, and its evening sky is tinted with the golden light of a peaceful sunset, there still remains a fairer, brighter something for the heart. Those dyes may fade, one by one, and the starlight of death may overspread the silent valley ; but a morning yet waits for the unhappy, — shall yet surprise earth's most favored one by its full fruition, well worthy of the inscription it wrote upon earth's best blessings, — Wait !

MARTYR CRÉTIENNE.

CALMLY by the stake she stood,
While, around, the fiery flood
Louder roared, or nearer hissed,
And the martyr's sandal kissed.

High above her brow of snow
Mark the liquid columns glow ;
O'er her still, unshrinking form,
Fiercer rolls the burning storm.

Bound by faith, the melting chain
Drops its heated links amain ;
Vivia Nero's power can dare,
Armed in panoply of prayer.

Loud she calls, amid the flame,
On her Lord and Master's name ;
Back the haughty Romans draw,
Conquered by a holy awe.

Robed in light, and veiled in fire,
Drawing near the angel choir,
Sweeter breathes the martyr's hymn,
As the earthly scene grows dim.

All unconscious of her pain,
Sweetly rings the soft amen ;
Meekly, on her burning bed,
Vivia rests her palm-crowned head.

NIGHT.

WITH pearl-drops laden, the soft light shading,
The cloudlet flits through the summer night,
Its bright dews shedding, noiselessly treading
O'er a sleeping world, up its path of light.

Like veiled votress, concealed from notice,
The moon looks through the hazy screen ;
While from heavenly porches the stars swing
torches,
And hang their silver lamps between.

How calm those arches, where angel watches
Their starry wings round the planets beat !
Through pearl-paved highways, heaven's glittering
by-ways,
Move the unseen steps of their flashing feet.

Some spirit warden to earth's fair garden
May, for a moment, bend his brow,
Where white wreaths sparkle, and torrents
darkle,
Round summits crowned with eternal snow.

Calm now the track of the tempest rack,
Chained in the caverns of the skies ;
And the flashing clear of the fiery spear
Of the diamond dew on the landscape lies.

Save leaflet's quiver, or murmuring river,
No sound breaks the hush of the midnight
hour ;
Or the low, sweet whistle where fern and
thistle
Deepen the shade of the forest bower.

The brier-rose glistens, and, bending, listens
To the noiseless dance of the fire-fly ;
And dingles whiten, and forests brighten,
In silver and sable livery.

'Tis Nature's vesper : a soft-toned whisper
Breathes from the tree-tops, swells from the
sod.
If such man's dwelling, oh, how excelling
The home of the just, — the pavilion of God !

LABOR A PRIVILEGE.

HAD man remained the happy possessor of a thornless paradise, his few and temperate wants would, doubtless, have been supplied by the spontaneous yield of productive earth; but when, in the moral jar of nature, dispositions averse to happiness became a part of his being, and to these were added the cares and sorrows of our mortal state, it was a kind and benevolent appointment that labor henceforth should become his heritage, that earth should be his only as he subdued it, and that in the sweat of his brow should he find a sweet relief from the sorrow of heart.

Thorns and briers, it is true, spring in his path; but patient industry weaves them into a crown of rejoicings, and they become, by divine allotment, ministering angels. His body, liable to disease and death, is thereby strengthened and beautified; and his mind, which would otherwise prey upon itself, is educated into a vigorous and giant thing, a blessing to

himself and to all within his reach. It is true, toil continued day after day, year after year, becomes a drudgery ; but that degree of earnest activity which is the appointed vehicle of success to every good man is an added blessing to his condition.

Industry is the great hand of the world. It takes the cold lump of the material universe, making it instinct with a life of beauty and power. It reaches to the depths of the ocean, and diadems its pride with its trophies. It drives asunder the mountain bars to form a course for its triumphal chariot. It harnesses the winds as its steeds, and arms itself with the lightnings of heaven ; and from the creations of its inventive genius arise forms which rival the angelic.

As if to counterbalance the care and toil attendant upon labor, a moulding power is imparted to it, which assimilates to its great ideal the soul which diligently pursues any worthy object. There is a law of compensation written upon work, which, of itself, repays and ennobles the mind. It is the initial of true greatness, the passport to all success. What differs more than the mind of the astute student

and the low level of thought of the Otaheitan, who cannot number five? And whence this difference? Both are men, endowed with the powers of a reasoning mind; but industry has opened before one a world of light, and sloth has immured the other in a cavern of darkness. As if to put a nobility upon labor, Providence has ordained that the master-minds of earth shall work the hardest.

Genius is reckoned, in the world's account, as the alembic which shall turn all to gold, rendering effort needless. Now, it so happens, that the greatest geniuses have had to dig through years of obscure suffering; often repaid for the productions which *now* grace the walls of palaces by the poor crust which enables them to toil on to-morrow. Whatever the web and warp of the mind may be, whether God has given one talent or other, industry still enters, as the connecting belt, between merit and success.

Effort is the golden dust that genius chips off from the rough ore, making it available to itself and others. The man who dares to work is greater than he who dares to fight: for the leader is helpless without his troops, but the worker is a host in himself; he masters circum-

stances and triumphs over difficulties. Heaven has promised to bless one thing only, in the material as in the spiritual world; and that is effort. With energy, the earth obeys man as a willing captive; without it, it lords over him as an oppressive tyrant; and whatever added circumstances of happiness may be his, peace can never enter, save unto a head and heart made weary of work.

IN MEMORY OF ALICE CAREY.

SWEET singer, rest. Life's brittle warp
Hath parted, and thy silver harp,
With broken string upon thy bier,
Claims from the world a pitying tear.
Once Deborah sang beneath her palm,
And Judith's timbrel gave alarm,
And Miriam, o'er the sea afar,
Welcomed the victor from the war;
Thence to a train with tuneful lyre,
Just lower than the angels' choir,
The burning thought and prophet veil
O'er heaven-touched foreheads slowly fell.

Hemans and Landon, in that train,
 Pour holy thought in liquid strain ;
And sorrow on green Erin fell,
 That mourned its lovely L. E. L.
Then Browning swept her solemn lyre ;
 From Osgood's lips fell words of fire ;
Till our own gentle Sigourney
 Transferred the poet-palm to thee.
Sweet lyrist, rest. No more below,
 Thy harp shall wake its notes of woe ;
But, mingling with the angels' strain,
 Shall thrill to rapture's deep " Amen ! "

THE MUTINY.

IN a small, richly-ornamented room, whose stained windows flung a flood of mellow light upon the floor, the youthful queen sat in the pride of her first hour of dominion, but in the anxiety of her challenged rights. The proud head drooped listlessly at times upon her hand, and the clear gray eyes had a troubled expression in their depth. The robe of light-blue velvet which fell in graceful folds around her regal form, and the circlet of pearl

that bound back the shining mass of her golden hair, well became the proud daughter of Henry ; while the lovely expression of her fine, though not regular features, made the child of the lovely Boleyn a sharer in her beauty. At her feet lay a beautiful dog, that, as if sharing its mistress's anxiety, looked with wistful eyes into her face, with almost human intelligence.

" Yes, thou art faithful, Fido," she said, " and shamest by thy attachment those who have better cause for gratitude. O treacherous Philip!" she exclaimed, rising, and pacing the room: " little did I think when thy guile did praise my hand on the harp as the lightest, my step in the galliad as the truest, that thou — thou whom I so often shielded from Mary's suspicious temper — that thou wouldst endeavor to reft from me my crown! But the false Spaniard shall rue it!" and the small foot stamped with impatience. " What, ho, Wentworth!" as a page entered at her call, " Who waits without?"

" My Lord Chancellor craves a hasty admittance to your Grace's presence."

" Ah, Walsingham!" she said, as the statesman entered, " thou comest with tidings. Do the popish galleys muster on the coast? Have the troops embarked?"

“Alas, madam!” replied Walsingham, “so far from it, the danger deepens daily. The troops, for lack of gold, have broken out into open mutiny, while the broad wings of the Armada are swooping like falcon to the quarry. I come to advise your Grace should instantly take horse for the North. Hunsdown and I will hold the city in check till you are safe.”

“How, my Lord!” cried the queen passionately: “dost thou counsel ignoble flight to my father’s daughter? That were a poltroon’s lesson. Marry, we will meet Philip single-handed, with such aid as my cousin of Scotland may afford, ere England’s liberties shall become the prey of yonder cowled priests.”

Quick and short was the young queen’s order, which we will leave to be executed while the reader accompanies us to the coast.

The troops were drawn up in a hollow square, and the order was momentarily expected to embark. Dark and stern were the looks of the men, and scowling brows glanced along the short carbine, as, with low mutterings, they awaited the arrival of the general.

“For me, Hereward,” growled one of the malecontents, “I won’t leave the shores of merry

England on this wild chase. The days were well enough, I trow, in Mary's time. At all events, there was plenty of Spanish gold then ; and we poor soldiers had rations and pay in the old time. And as for this new doctrine, let them fight for it as likes it ; for my part, I believe in priests and mass-book."

"Ay, comrade: the gentles will look to their own interest, and leave us poor wretches to bide the brunt. They'll have hard work to-day to settle it, I am thinking."

"Hist!" whispered the other. "They are coming."

A cloud of dust from the distant town of Portsmouth rolled each moment nearer; and in a few moments the Earls of Essex and Hunsdown swept, with their splendid staff, into the square.

Addressing the soldiers with the frank bearing of a true Englishman, the young earl painted the nobleness of the cause, and the laurels to be won, in a few graphic words. His fine face flushed, as he noticed the sullen silence of the troops ; and when, at length, the order to advance was given, not a soldier stirred.

"Ha! we have mutiny here, my Lord," said

Essex, in a low tone, wheeling the black steed he rode with inimitable grace, around the square, and raising his visor, while his dark eye flashed fire.

“Advance !” he cried, “or, on my word as a Christian knight, there will be hot work here.”

“Patience, my Lord !” said the elder noble. “We cannot contend with these regiments.”

The order of their chief was received with the sharp click of carbines, as they were brought to bear on the group of officers. One moment the suspense continued ; the next, the rapid beating of horses’ hoofs arrested the attention of the mutineers, as Elizabeth, attended by the officers of her household, rode into the centre.

Her tall, slight form was arrayed in green and gold, while from under the small silver-plated helmet, her unbound hair streamed on her shoulders. At her saddle-bow she carried pistols ; and, as she managed the snow-white charger with perfect ease, a shout of admiration and enthusiasm burst from the ranks.

“How, my people !” she exclaimed, and the clear, sweet tones riveted attention. “You want a leader. You burn to avenge the insults of your land. Behold yonder the chains they

forge for your captivity : I will be your leader,
— follow your queen ! ”

She rode along the ranks, as a shout, like distant thunder, greeted her, while banner after banner ranged themselves in her train.

Waving her kerchief, she sat, as galley after galley received its burden, and when at last, bowing till his plume mingled with his horse's mane, the young earl passed, she said, —

“ Lord Essex, we have begun the battle.
We yield to thee to win the victory.”

“GATES AJAR.”

HEAVEN ! — oh where in the fields of space
Rise the shining homes of its favored race ?
Where the jasper walls, and the sea of light ?
The palms, and the crowns, and the robes of
white ?

Where every sunny vale shall glow
With radiance flashed from a seraph's brow,
And the good and great from farthest time,
In a holy land and a blessed clime,
Shall meet, and their friendship ever grow,
Holy companions forever now.

There Judith awakes a lofty strain,
Nor David's notes shall e'er complain ;
And Miriam's anthem of victory
Rings down the aisles of eternity.
One there is, and a paler star
Gleams in the crown that she wears, afar,
And the trace of tears on her lashes lay
From the lifted eyes just wiped away.
'Twas a mourner once, — a Rachel : here,
Full oft, she bowed on her children's bier ;
But now they have come to their border fair,
Her sorrows are o'er, for they all are there.
Earth is fair, and her dells are green ;
And conquering Art in her walks is seen ;
Her palace domes are proud and high,
And her arches rise 'gainst the amber sky ;
But her promises are the castles fair,
Reared by the fancy and built of air :
A passing shadow, a thistle down,
Shall soon prove the weight of her mightiest
crown.

But a lasting home calls the waiting heart, —
A sceptre and throne that can ne'er depart.
Oh ! tell me, then : does the golden gate,
With door ajar, for my coming wait ?

HOME INFLUENCE.

Who shall estimate the virtue, what tongue shall spread the potent power, of home influence? It is the chisel which graves deep and lasting inscriptions on the character. It gives shape to the plastic clay of human feeling, moulding it for eternity.

Why is it the savage steps forth a rude and uncultivated being, unpolished by all which refines the mind, unenlightened by all which exalts and embellishes the soul? It is because his childhood and youth were unblessed by any influence, save that of wild, stern nature; and he is but the speaking impression, the living example, of his forest home.

The spirit of home—its holy teachings, its pure, sweet atmosphere, its society and sympathy—follows us, guides us, and gives law to our thoughts, through the whole course of our lives. “My *mother* did it,” gives warrant to the *man*. “My *father* said it,” exclaims the child in after years; and we feel that the sentiment is almost holy, for it is baptized in a father’s approval.

God has given a mighty trust to those who cluster around the fireside of *home*. To each one around that hearthstone are ten talents of influence committed; and, in the hand of God, they become a seal and stamp, impressing the image of an angel or a rebel upon each other.

Christian mother, that little fair-haired, blue-eyed being at your side, looking up so artlessly into your face, is receiving from you the lessons in which he will hereafter read his race. You are sweeping your fingers across the delicate harp of the soul, waking what tunes you please; but the music will ring on when your ear is deaf to it, and will mingle with the harmony of heaven, or create a discord in the universe. You are wielding a fearful moral power; you are moulding a character which may speak your praise in eternity; you are teaching a little lisping tongue, which may arise in the resurrection and call you blessed; and you are doing this, not so much by formal precepts and direct appeal, as by the influence, the atmosphere, the tone, which you, more than any other, are giving to *home*! By this you are touching the pendulum of an immortal spirit, and it shall vibrate through life to the teachings of home.

Sweet sister, to whom God has given many a gift, spiritual, intellectual, and personal ; whose gentle words are enforced by all the vivacity and earnestness of youth, and whose loving deeds bear now the fresh impress of woman's gentleness and zeal, you are reigning now as queen over the social affections, and your potent sceptre sways, in a good degree, the wide empire of home bliss ! Yours are filial and fraternal duty ; the piety which, like the lowly lily, blossoms in the sheltered vale of life ; the hallowed influence which, like a bright angel, glides around the social scene ; the deference which makes a father deem he has a treasure in his child ; the smile which welcomes a brother home again, and the little song, the obliging manner, and the soft hand laid in his, are some of the spells that bind the hearts of kindred to home, with a witchery that never is broken.

A pious home, — its inmate may wander far, like a lost sheep, but still may we hope he will return again to the guardian fold.

The home whose walls have been made a temple, whose very furniture seems like altar-stones, and whose hearth has been rendered a

choir where praises have often echoed, is, of itself, a most formidable bulwark against evil.

Plenty will fill our granaries, and prosperity our palaces, while home influence is high and pure ; while virtue hangs her fair clusters around the cottage porch, and holiness binds in its circle the household band, the State will flourish, its halls will be filled with wisdom, and its storehouses with profusion.

Let home shed a halo of goodness on the path of the child ; let its teachings be high, let its associations be refined. We speak not here of the refinements of fashion, the embellishments of wealth, but of that true elegance which belongs to every pure heart, and wherein the welfare of the *masses* is secured.

There is not a virtue or a grace, but diverges from, or converges to, this centre of all that is excellent and good.

The man lives *there* before he lives in the *world* ; and faith and holy charity have their outgoings from the domestic scene. We can scarcely imagine a fairer type of heaven, than that spot where God has clustered *all* which makes our social wisdom bright and happy, and to which he has given such a regenerating

power. And when, at length, the lustre which emanates from a holy home fades upon the sight, and the star of pure influence which, resting above the hearthstone, and floating over our whole life, hangs upon the farthest verge of mortality, *then* shall those who have been guided by its light exchange an earthly home for a home in heaven, and fireside devotion will be easily exchanged for the praises of Him “of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named.”

“EXCELSIOR.”

ONWARD and upward, that is thy path,
Where the fierce mountain stream thunders its
 wrath.
Dark clouds may threaten it,—there lies thy
 way ;
Tempests have beaten it, — labor and pray.

Leave to the timid the velvety plain :
Thine be the nobler part, — sorrow and pain.

What though the eagle's shriek echoes aloud ?
Gaze where the snowy peak sleeps in the cloud.

What though some toilsome path baffle thee
long ?

Lean on thy pilgrim staff, cheer thee with song ;
Though the far distance all desolate lies,
In the wild desert oases arise.

Long must the hero-heart struggle in fire,
Ere tuned to bear a part, Fame, in thy choir !
Torn by the wilderness, footsore, we climb
Where earth's best nobleness vanquisheth time.

Welcome the struggle, the conflict, the pain !
Deeper the trouble the higher the gain.
Ours be no banquet through days of delight,
But the meed of the victor returned from the
fight.

Upward and onward, then, weary heart, hie !
Noble thought, dauntless mind, calm, fearless
eye.

Fight thy way fearlessly, cling to the rock ;
Win thy rest gloriously, or die in the shock.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

Not all the wealth of the Indies, not all the power Alexander possessed, can procure for the heart that degree of lasting peace, that fulness of comfort, that all, more or less, are in search of. It may be mine to possess, my neighbor's to enjoy. How often, when the wide acres of affluence stretch before the eye, does the thought intrude : " Is the proud owner happier than others ? " or does the beauty of the outward but contrast the unquiet restlessness of a sad heart ?

There is much, in a world spread in loveliness, to soothe and comfort the heart ; yet man is not so dependent upon the outward as to be made happy by it, if there is not *first* sunshine in his heart. The domain of intellect has a world of satisfaction within its borders, and in the solace of well-chosen friendship the heart can almost forget unhappiness, yet not quite forget it. There must be peace — that peace which is the blessing of heaven at home — in the soul, and then the face of Nature, the gift of life, all contribute to the main sum of bliss.

That we are made to be happy, — happy in spite of the manifold trials of life, — is evident. “Man was” *not* made “to mourn;” and he who does so is a rebel in a universe of love. We are not, perhaps, conscious how much of our happiness we derive from ourselves. A conscience that speaks peace, an intellect cleared of the mists of error, — above all, a mind contented with that portion of earthly good assigned us, — these constitute the real happiness of all. A spirit that looks on life with loving generosity towards others, gains by their prosperity, brightens in their success, and does more to make the possessor happy than all of wealth or honor without it. Added to these heart qualities the peace of a heart reconciled to its Maker, and there are a thousand innocent joys within the reach of *all*.

Wealth is not necessary to enjoy the beauty of a landscape, not *now* necessary to procure the pleasure derived from books. A small garden — even the cherished plant in the window — is a source of pleasure; and, where the mind is waiting to be pleased, the very sounds of life, rural or otherwise, are each musical with joy. Knowledge opens her storehouse

for the winter evening; while piety silvers all of earth with divine goodness, striking a vista through its deepest sorrow, to that world where the obedient are filled with the fulness of joy.

THE SNOWFLAKE.

BRILLIANTLY flashing, 'gainst the window dash-
ing,

The snowflake trembles on its wing of white ;
Silently beaming, like a banner streaming,
An angel banner from the hills of light.

Noiselessly treading where the fields are spread-
ing,

A silver net-work weaves o'er rock and tree ;
Its fingers fairy in the forest tarry,
Decking its arches with soft drapery.

In famed Cacæra is no such quarry
As thine, O Winter ! with thy art refined ;
Nor in Genius' vision has such beauty risen
As maps its marvels to the thoughtful mind.
In beauty glances, in sunlight dances,

Each gemmed and diademed imperial spray ;
Winter's frost-work glitters, and in shining
letters

“ *Memento mori* ” writes upon the day.

I read thy mission like a holy vision,
Thou veiled prophet, speaking to the heart ;
For time is stealing, and its mists concealing
Life's distant memories, whispering, Depart !
And will, though fading, if its moments, laden
With well done duty, like thy jewels rise.
Not Death's cold finger, where its snow-flakes
linger,
Can bar us from our happy home, the skies.

Beautiful Nature, in thy every feature
Some new conception of my God I view :
The sunset's glory, or the storm's wild fury,
All to his attributes and grandeur true.
In summer's dingles, or where winter mingles
The Alpine avalanche and brooklet stones,
In soft airs speaking, or in whirlwinds shrieking,
I hear the music of a Father's tones.

MY SCHOOL AT SUNSET.

FIFTY young heads in an innocent row,
Fifty soft cheeks that with rosebuds may glow;
Black eyes and blue eyes, and eyes of delight;
Dark eyes and soft eyes, but every eye bright.
Five little zephyrs? You question me, nay:
Fifty young zephyrs, just ceasing to play.

Dimpled arms, piled with laborious care,
Propping the brow and the shoulders so fair;
Curly heads, dipped in the evening's gold;
Tiny hands, clasped in innocent fold;
Pouting lips, hiding the last smile away:
Fifty young zephyrs, just ceasing to play.

Feet that have bounded like billows all day,
Crossed over each, like twin lilies, they lay;
Hands that have covertly wove the blue-bell,
Over white bosoms have carelessly fell;
Cheek meeting cheek, the sweet innocents lay,
Fifty young zephyrs just ceasing to play.

When the last sunbeam, with arrow of gold,
Shot through the casement, how rippling rolled
The silvery laughter! now silent and still
All the wild uproar of jubilee — till
The earliest blush of the beautiful day
Finds fifty young zephyrs beginning to play.

CHURCH HOME, SOUTH BOSTON, 1872.

THE PRIDE OF WEALTH.

PRIDE is always a mean vice, although some are so mistaken as to suppose it can dwell in a noble mind; yet, as its distinguishing trait is cruelty in little things, it must be regarded by every generous heart with aversion. If there is one phase of pride which might claim toleration more than another, it is, undoubtedly, that which combined age, dignity, and learning can give; yet, as these qualities are almost invariably united with sound wisdom, pride is generally found in such to give place to profound humility. Pride is an overbearing, encroaching, insolent thing at all times; and, when it puts forth its head, we are far-sighted to dis-

cover the fancied traits upon which it may be founded. But perhaps the most odious and intolerable form of this evil is the most common, namely, mere money-pride ; the most offensive, as it is the most insulting, standing aloof from the rest of mankind. Because the family have lately purchased a mansion in "Shoddy Coat Place," it heaps its disdainful favors upon its less prosperous neighbors, and pities the energetic mechanic and skilful tradesman, because he lives more wisely and modestly.

True, from such, education may remain afar, on the mouldered shelves, where, in their opinion, it belongs. To real merit the family do not pretend. No well-used talent have they to show ; no meek goodness that makes earth a garden round them : but they have money. They can live as lazy as they please. They can waste as much of Heaven's bounty as they will. They can sweep the streets with velvet, and bit their horses with silver ; yea, they can oppress the poor ; the widow shall tremble before them, and before the car of their great Juggernaut, wealth, orphans shall lie in sackcloth. Are they not, then, mighty ? Ought not the company to feel a thrill of terror or pleasure, or

some strange sensation, when they enter? and when they smile, should it not be reflected in the faces, the answering smile, of all present? Yes; all but yonder honest man. He looks for something more than wealth can purchase, — something within the glitter of outside show. He is possessed of the richer treasure of a thinking mind, a feeling heart; and he barter not these for the great man's gold. No: they are reserved for the good, the gifted, and the poor, who, stripped of earth's treasures, are yet Nature's true nobility; and one kind word from that sincere and truly noble heart is worth more than the wealth of Golconda.

In a republic, where fickle fortune is ever changing the fate of individuals, where long-descended honors are not required in order to secure the applause of men, short-lived popularity is often the off-shoot of fortunate speculation. But true elevation is, and ever will be, far removed from such meretricious advancement. Real worth is alone that which will bear inspection and command esteem; and however conspicuous misplaced wealth may render its possessor, gifts of the mind and the heart can alone retain the homage of mankind.

TRUE CHARITY.

TO THE MASSACHUSETTS GRAND LODGE, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

TELL it not to a friend, tell it not to a foe,
The errand of mercy on which thou must go.
On *earth* whisper naught of thy deed of love,
Or it echoeth not through the arches above.

Go, bind up the wound that is dripping with
gore ;
Thy wine and thy oil on the sufferer pour ;
Then tenderly bear him to sheltering inn :
But tell not the deed to the *selfish* within.

See where the pale orphan is dying for bread ;
So, on thy strong shoulder, support the young
head ;
Fold close the thin form to thy pitying breast ;
Give it food, give it shelter ; hush ! there let it
rest.

Hark ! yonder the sound of the funeral bier,
That claims from the stranger one pitying tear ;
Behold that bowed form, moving trembling and
slow :

It tells that the widow hath deepened her woe.

From her home, long ago, all its idols have
fled ;

Her darling, her beautiful, sleeps with the dead.
Press through the cold world to the desolate
one,

And be her protector, her brother, her son !

Hush ! leave to the Pharisee, haughty and
proud,

The trumpet that heralds his charities *loud* :
Be thine the meek love and Nazarene tread,
That far in the wilderness casteth its bread.

Yes : leave to the world and its annals of fame,
To write in large letters false charity's name ;
While thine be the smile and the anthem
above,

The angelic plaudit of unselfish love.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

THE gorgeous sun had just kissed the wave
Which the paper-reeds by the river lave ;
In the spice-groves opens the half-formed flower,
As the light comes down in a dazzling shower ;
While here and there a scattered palm
Lifts its feathery head, the eye to charm ;
Or gazing on its shadow fair,
Thrown on the clear, deep waters there,
With its trembling foot and its brilliant eye,
And its graceful figure, formed to fly,
Pauses, as if by a magic spell,
The light and beautiful gazelle.
Afar are Thebes' majestic towers,
Where rally Egypt's loftiest powers ;
And splendid, on her gates of gold
And sculptured stone, in pride untold,
Statue on statue, tomb on tomb,
Emerge like stars from the parting gloom ;
And, as the sun meets his giant brow,
Memnon's musical praises flow.

Such was the scene ! so still and fair,
So dreamlike on the summer air,
That it might seem, o'er the lovely land,
Conjured there by a potent wand,
The fairy-work of mystic sage,
Or vision of the bright mirage.
Such was the scene, when a noiseless tread
Presses the reed and the lily's head ;
A gentle hand parts softly there
The thickets of balm and fragrant myrrh,
As, struggling through the tangled sedge,
And pressing on to the water's edge,
Startling the bird with her stifled moan,
A weeping mother comes alone.
The rich black tress, and the woven veil,
Where words of the Most High prevail ;
The law engraved on the bracelet rare,
And the " fringe of blue " on the robe, declare
That lovely weeper a Jewess fair.
A burden upon her bosom lies
All heedless of that bosom's sighs ;
For unharmed by fear, unscathed by care,
Infancy calmly is sleeping there.
She kneeleth low on the velvet sod ;
Her eyes she lifts to the mourner's God ;
And fervent and deep was the prayer she said,

As her darling by the wave she laid :
“ God of my fathers ! protect my boy ;
Him to Thy service I gladly vow !
From harm, from death, shield this little head :
Mighty Jehovah, my prayer is said.”
Now she is gone, and the morning flies,
As slowly the golden ripples rise ;
One by one does each flower's head
Sink to rest on the river's bed.
The tiny ark, where the infant sleeps,
Its place 'mid the lilies no longer keeps :
Twice has it lifted, then sunk again ;
A tangled root of a spreading vine
Just holds it from the advancing tide.
But hark ! for over the desert wide
Rings dulcimer and timbrel note,
And voices sweet o'er the river float ;
While the cymbal, lightly beating,
In the wild dance, embracing, meeting,
With garland, and with jewels dight,
A lovely band flash their glances bright.
With silver zone, and with robe of snow,
Egyptian pearls on her tower-crowned brow,
With lovely face and with royal mein,
Behold, in their midst their graceful queen !
Their bounding feet now have reached the wave ;

And fairy forms in the bright stream lave.
The princess alone, in reverie,
Reclines beneath a spreading tree :
Her folded hands and starting tear
Tell she thinks of the slaughtered infants here ;
For her guilty parent breathes the prayer :
“ Will Israel’s God my father spare ? ”
She starts ! on the wave is fixed her eye,
For her ear hath caught a feeble cry ;
And the little captive form she sees
Just floating away from the sheltering trees ;
With a piercing cry, her maidens grasp
The tiny shallop, embracing fast ;
With loving smiles and kisses sweet,
They bear it to their mistress’ feet :
Her gentle arm its form hath pressed.
“ ’Tis one of the Hebrew’s children blest :
He shall be mine ! my son ! my heir !
And may Jehovah Egypt spare ! ”
The infant shares the princess’ home,
Till Egypt’s fearful doom has come ;
Till thunders pealed, as the land he trod,
The arm of the Lord, the prophet of God.

TRIAL.

THEY tell me hearts are long in breaking ;
That Sorrow's arrow seldom kills :
Oh ! will the future prove a waking
From the sad past, — long dream of ills ?

On the unwritten scroll of fortune,
Say, are there characters of light ?
The fickle goddess all importune,
Changing our life's bright day to night.

Like the illusion of the desert,
The vision of the wild mirage,
Joy has held out a transient covert,
While Trial still the war did wage.

Hope, starlike, in the distance glittered,
But starlike, too, its beam has set.
The heart's free beatings all were fettered
By disappointment and regret.

Oh! tell me not the day is breaking:

I have seen mornings just as fair,
That left at noon the heart all aching
With some fresh sorrow yet to bear.

No: let me watch the storm-clouds gather,
With all their drapery of gold.

'Tis Love's own hand, — it is my Father, —
That all these breaking clouds has rolled.

Through weary hours the heart is yearning,
Still pressing onward to my God:
While, unconsumed, the bush is burning, —
Loved, because passing 'neath the rod!

THE RAINDROP.

DIPPED in the rainbow's golden rim,
Flooded with light from its amber bower,
Shadowed a while in the tempest dim,
Is the gem of the mist, the child of the
shower.

Poised in the morn on an emerald shaft,
With Titania's circlet of diamond dew ;
Or hid in the dell, where no sunbeam hath
laughed,
The raindrop, to angels, gives back heaven's
blue.

Hanging a while 'mid the fringed gold
That lights with its splendor the tempest
gloom ;
Hiding its head in the crimson fold
Of the banner-cloud o'er the sunset's tomb ;
Swept on a cloud past the eagle's wing,
Speeding o'er mountain and trackless sea,
To softly sink by the desert spring,
Or border with blossoms the upland lea.

Meeting the storm in its onward flight,
'Neath the crystal shell of its breastplate
clear,
Where the mariner's skill and the tempest fight,
And over the victory dropping a tear ;
Hurrying down to its coral bed,
Or breaking in light on some pearly shore,
Where the dolphin's leap jars its rocky bed,
Or the sea-flower waves by its lowly bier.

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE trumpets have sounded, the banners are set,
And the champions bold in the lists have met :
Proudly they ride 'neath their pennons gay,
For their ladies' eyes see their deeds to-day.

Beauty is bending anxiously
From the gilded screen of the balcony :
She hath braided her tresses with utmost care,
For her own true knight rides proudly there.

Yonder fair, with the golden tress,
And the pearls that the swan-like neck caress,
And eyes like heaven's own canopy, —
The choice of Sir Denis Montjoy is she.

That lovely maid, with the queenly air,
And the circlet of gems in her dark-brown hair,
Clear is the glance of her eagle eye,
And the firm, sweet mouth, so proud and high.

Her vesture of crimson, fringed with gold,
Round her slender form in waves is rolled;
Her colors are borne in the lists below:
She is queen of the tourney now.

Around her, and in a beauteous throng,
The highborn, the lovely, the good, and young:
Their coronets they have set more fair,
For lover and lord are assembled there.

The trumpet sounds; and the champions wheel
In pairs round the lists, bowing lances of steel;
Baron and noble and princely knight
Helmless ride 'neath those glances bright.

The loveliest daughters of old Provence
Gaze on the ranks of their high defence;
Bending the heart that a host might dare,
And the proud eye falls 'neath the glance of
the fair.

Yonder knight, with the sable plume,
Has just arrived from the holy tomb:
The managed steed he strokes so fond,
He won from the Sultan of Trebizond.

Terrible in the fight is he !
He hath made a hundred Moslems flee ;
His single arm turned the heathen's flank :
“ A Templar ! ” is whispered from rank to rank.

Yonder lord with the chestnut hair —
Green and gold does his gorget bear —
Is Sir Aldamar, of the royal stem,
Just returned from Jerusalem !

To the right, to the left, the champions ride,
And the hosts their severed ranks divide.
One trumpet-peal the conclave jars,
And the knights close up there vizor bars.

The lances in rest are levelled low ;
Like burnished statues each mail-clad row ;
The chargers champ on the golden bit ;
With the sun's first beams the helms are lit.

One moment they stand, like the rifted rock ;
The next, they meet like the thunder's shock !
A cloud of dust their ranks infold,
As horse and man on the ground are rolled.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

CHEER thee, cheer thee ! Behold, the light is
streaming ;

The storm is dreary, but it cannot last ;
Saw ye one tempest with no rainbow beaming,
Triumphal arches, where that storm had
passed ?

And where its darkest pinion heaviest rolled
Sunset hangs banners, — crimson, green, and
gold.

Cheer thee, cheer thee ! What though the pros-
pect darkens ?

Nerve thee to bear ; lift up the downcast eye ;
Know, to each suffering sigh, Love, boundless,
hearkens ;

The flax burns dimly, but it shall not die.
Remember, 'tis thy God whose voice hath said,
“ Without your Father, not one sparrow dead.”

Cheer thee, cheer thee ! Think each suffering
hour

Another gem to glitter in thy crown.
Grief's root is bitter, but its glorious flower
From highest heaven shakes rich perfumes
down.

Over each suffering head, now bowed in pain,
An angel harp may ring its highest strain.

Cheer thee, cheer thee ! Such was their song of
glory :

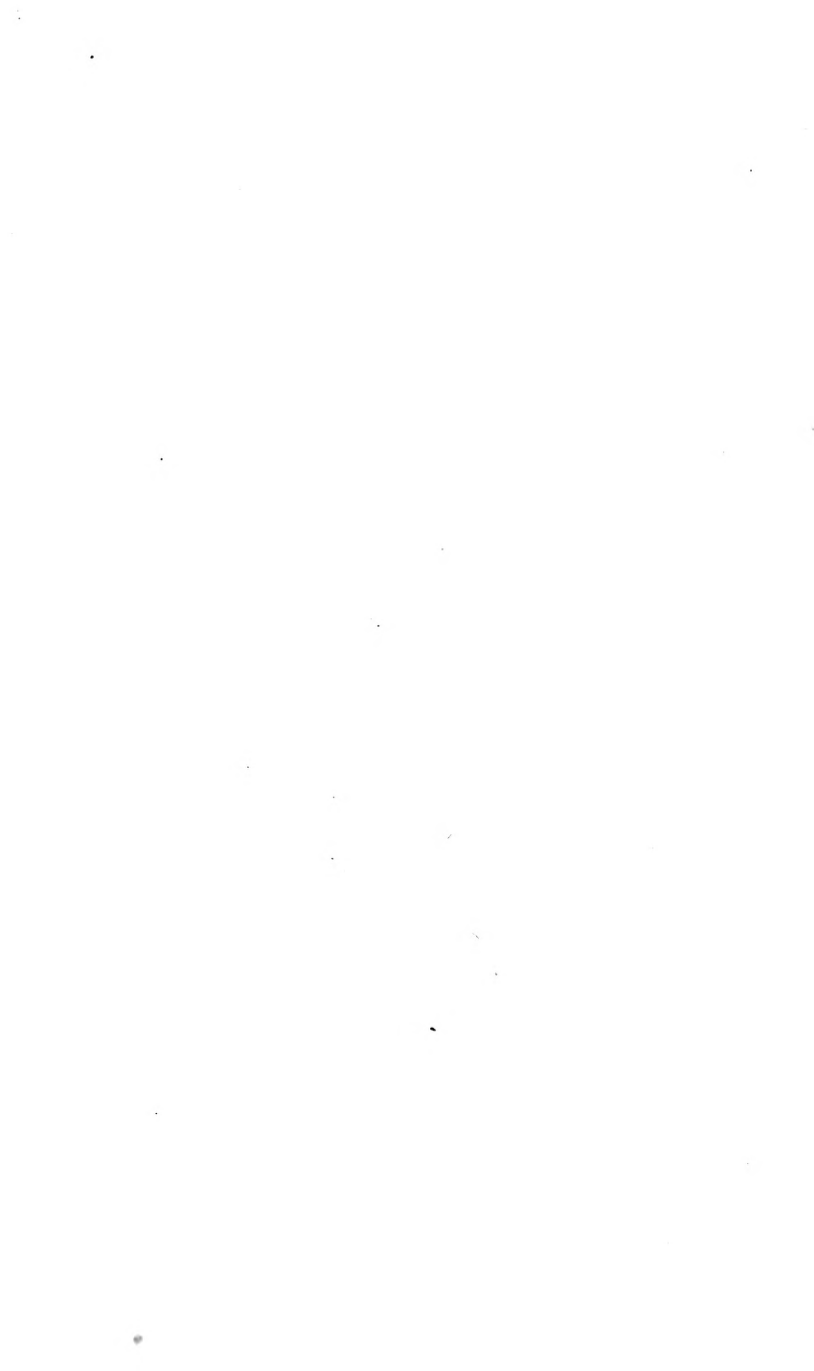
“ Good will on earth to man, and peace in
heaven ; ”

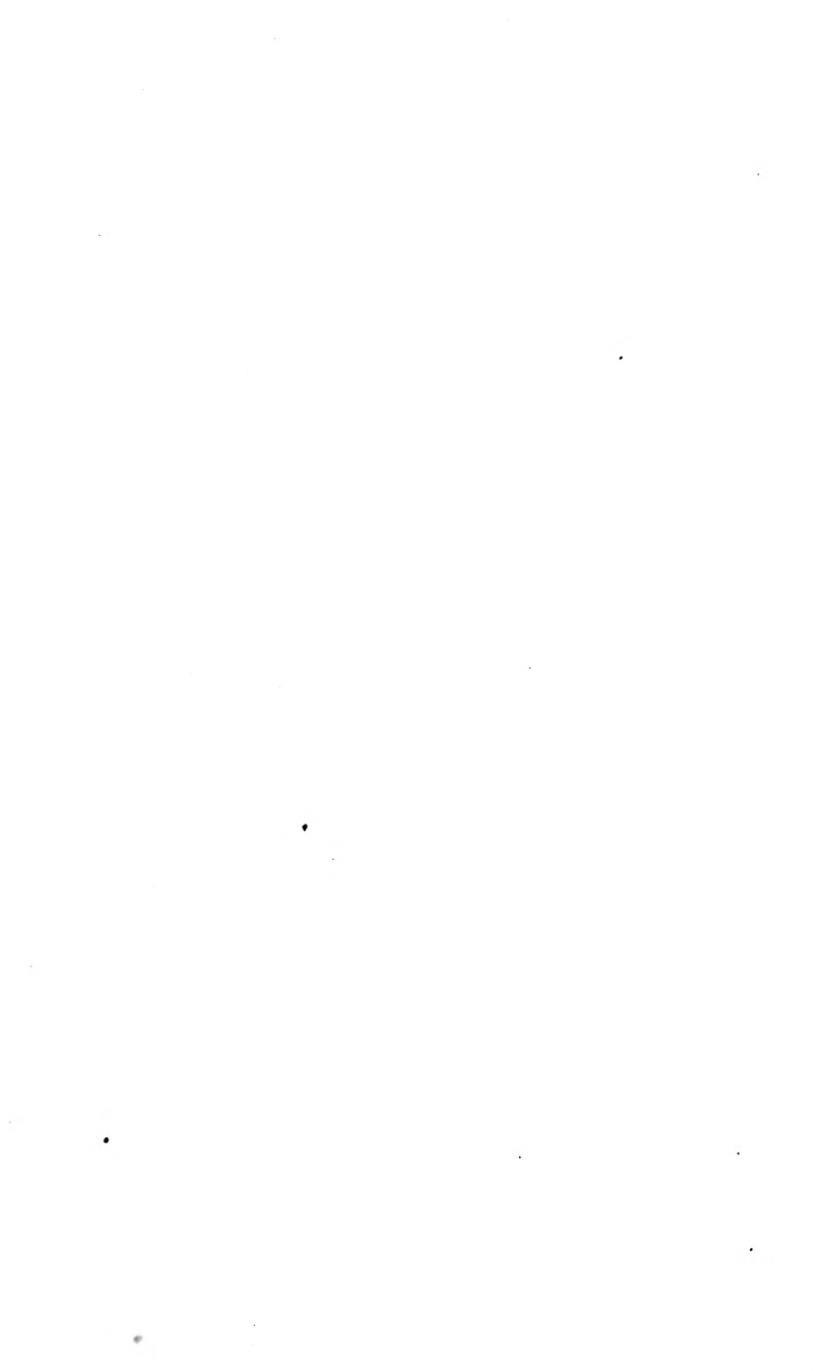
And, think you the sweet angels change their
story,

Because, meanwhile, one suffering hour is
given ?

They see your crown, white robe, and martyr
palm,

Lift their bright eyes, and chant a loftier psalm.





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